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The following is from the forth coming vol-
ume of Poems in the press of Saunders and
Otley.

DEDICATION HYMN.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built to God;
His flat laid the corner-stone
And heav'd its pillars one by one.
He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, limitless sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtain'd it with morning light.
The mountains in their places stood,
The sea—the sky—and 'all was good;
And when its first few praises rang,
The 'morning stars together sang.
Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, and house for thee;
But in thy sight our off'ring stands—
An humble temple made with hands.
We cannot bid the morning star
To sing how bright thy glories are;
But, Lord, if thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the Christian's tear.

From the New York Mirror.

TRIAL OF FREDERICK ADOLPHUS MOR- TIMER, FOR MANSLAUGHTER.

Never within the memory of man,
from the creation of the world to the
present day; never, even at the perfor-
mance of Mazeppa; never, we say, has
it been our lot to witness such an im-
mense assembled at the trial of this
unfortunate young gentleman. Men,
women, and children, tag-rag and bob-
tail, huddled together, pushing and pul-
ling, elbowing and kicking, in a state of
breathless excitement. From the unpre-
cedented early hour of six in the morn-
ing, every avenue and step of the City-
Hall, every muddy gravel walk and mis-
shapen grass-plot in the Park, every
alley in its vicinity, constituting that cer-
tain piece or parcel of land bounded on
the south by the Battery, on the north
by Manhattanville, Bloomingdale and
Harlem, and on the east by the East Riv-
er, and on the west by the North River
—all and every part and parcel thereof
was occupied by one throng of human
beings. The very heavens seemed to
take part in the anxious scene, and in
sympathy for the unfortunate young gen-
tleman, to weep catarrhs and consump-
tions upon his assembled friends; the
sky looked like a dingy wet blanket,
stretched overhead to dry, and oozing
out all day long, drizzle, mizzle, wizzle,
drizzle, drizzle, drizzle.
We are assured Clark's cough syrup
has been in great demand ever since;
fifteen thousand young physicians have
started into great practice; a certain
section is in treaty for the purchase of
the Astor house and the Bowery theatre;
Texas has been purchased by an associa-
tion of undertakers; and timber has
been in so much demand with the car-
penters in their employ, that the price of
fuel has risen considerably.

At nine o'clock the doors of the City-
Hall were slammed in the face of the
sovereign people, and marshals were sta-
tioned, with long sticks of wood in their
hands, to admit only the gentlemen of
the bar, and officers attached to the hall.
No less than twelve county clerks had
been admitted, when the county clerk
himself applied at the door, and was
civilly told to get about his business for
an impostor.

At eleven o'clock high-constable Straws
made his appearance, leading the prison-
er by a twist in his cuff, amid the sighs,
groans, yells, hisses, and hubbubs of the
anxious multitude. After a struggle of
three hours they made their way as far
as the vestibule of the court room, when
the unfortunate young gentleman request-
ed a moment's delay to adjust his cravat,
which had been somewhat discom-
posed in the struggle. To this Mr.
Straws, with the urbanity for which he
is distinguished, politely acceded. Mr.
Mortimer pulled up his collar, pulled
down his waistcoat, inveigled his cravat
in the most insinuating ties, combed his
hair elegantly on one side, curled his
mustaches, and swept his handker-
chief over his clothes, a splendid suit of
Wheeler's superfine blue with double-
gold metal buttons, bought expressly for
the interesting occasion; and requested
Mr. Straws to brush his boots. The cu-
rious reader may go and inquire of the
high-constable himself what answer he
made.

At last the prisoner was placed at the
bar. In consequence of his respectable
connections he was permitted to take a
seat by the side of his eminent counsel,
Messrs. Claptrap, Saucy-jaw, and Bot-
herem. The district attorney, Peacock,
was assisted on this occasion by Messrs.
Spitfire, Snappdragon, and Quibblequirk.
All was hushed attention, till the crier
of the court interrupted it by bellowing
"silence!" at which signal there was a
coughing, and blowing of noses, and
shuffling of feet, during which nothing
else could be heard. We would, en pas-

sant, crier is a very ill-used personage;
such is his humanity, he stands by the
most worthless of mankind in their hour
of trial, and cries at their misfortunes,
though the ungrateful wretches never
thank him for it.

The clerk proceeded to call the jury,
but the prisoner challenged every name
that was called. By the help of tales-
men, however, a panel was completed
by half-past eleven at night, when the
court adjourned to meet the ensuing morn-
ing at eleven o'clock; at which time
the trial was resumed.

The clerk of the court had got half
through the reading of the indictment,
when he was interrupted by Mr. Bot-
herem, who moved to quash the indict-
ment, on the ground, that in the copy
served on him, the *l's* in the *willingly*, on
the fifth line of the eightieth page, had
not been crossed, in consequence of
which the word was not *willingly*, but
willingly; and, as he feelingly contended,
how could the prisoner be prepared to
meet the charges against him, if he
was misled by his copy of the indict-
ment, to suppose he was to be tried for
committing a crime *willingly*, when in
fact he was to be tried for doing it *wit-
tingly*! The principles of law and jus-
tice require that the accused should know
distinctly of what he is accused. *Todd
v. Lockwood*, 2 Conn. Rep. 375. *Eving-
ton v. Post*, 7 Taunt. 25. *Sherman v.
Watson*, 7 East. 96. 5 Black. Com. 248,
9 Johns. 629. Mr. Botherem therefore
moved for the discharge of the prisoner.

The district attorney replied with his
accustomed eloquence; and was follow-
ed by Mr. Quibblequirk in a strain of
eloquence and feeling hitherto unequal-
led in our halls of justice. The learned
counsel having sat down amid the silent
and dignified applause of an overwhelm-
ing and gaping auditory, Judge Frizzle-
head helped himself from Alderman
Philpot's snuff-box, and directed the clerk
to proceed with the indictment; which
being read,

The prisoner was then directed to
hold up his hand. He held up his left
hand. "The other hand," said the clerk;
the prisoner held up both hands. The
court interposed, instructing the prison-
er to hold up his right hand; whereupon
he held up his left; the judge, indig-
nant at this contumacy, ordered the prison-
er into custody for a contempt of
court.

"I don't know what you would have,"
exclaimed the unfortunate Mortimer,
smothering a whimper; "you tell me to
hold up my right hand; now I should
suppose my left hand to be my right one,
for, d'ye see, I happen to be left-handed."

"This is an embarrassing question,"
said the judge, resorting again to the
snuff-box, in which his example was fol-
lowed by the aldermen associated with
him on the bench. Mr. Botherem avail-
ed himself of the occasion to repeat his
motion for the discharge of the prison-
er. The learned counsel referred to the
recent case, *Stumpen v. Morris*.—
This was an action of libel for the pub-
lication in the New York Mirror of an
article calculated to prejudice the sale
of Stumpen's quintuple patent pens.—
No other witness appearing in behalf of
the pens, the prosecutor offered his own
testimony that they were as good pens as
he ever wrote with; but on offering to
administer the oath, it appeared he could
neither lay his hand upon the Bible, or
hold up his hand, having been born with-
out hands. Of course he could not be
sworn, and his testimony was rejected.

Mr. Snappdragon—With submission
to my learned brother, he is no better
than an ignoramus; the case cited is ir-
relevant.

Mr. Saucy-jaw—You mean then to
contradict the counsel for the defence?
Snappdragon—That I do, and you may
make the most of it.

Saucy-jaw—(Separating his fore and
middle finger, and closing them fiercely
upon his thumb.) Then sir, consider
yourself a disgraced man; consider
your nose pulled.

Snappdragon—And you, sir, consider
yourself a dead man; and consider your
nose demolished with a satisfaction-piece.

Saucy-jaw—Sir, I am perfectly satis-
fied.

Snappdragon—And, sir, so am I.
Here the learned counsel shook hands.
Judge Frizzlehead having in the mean-
time whispered with the aldermen, his
honor decided that the prisoner should
hold up both hands and plead.

And the prisoner pleaded—guilty!
Guilty! An electric shock ran through
the audience.

"Guilty!" echoed Claptrap, "is the
man a fool?"
"Guilty!" exclaimed Saucy-jaw, "what
a burning idiot!"
"Guilty!" ejaculated the judge, in ex-
treme agitation; "recollect yourself,
young man; the ends of justice do not
require any man to plead guilty; it is
our business to find that out, and nobody
has a right to take that out of our hands.
The established principles of law is,
that every one is innocent till proved

guilty—now you have not been proved
guilty; therefore you are innocent.—
Young man, we cannot sit here and per-
mit the great ends of justice to be trifled
with. You have friends and relations
of good family, whose reputation and
feelings we cannot permit to suffer by
your folly. Mr. Clerk, enter a plea of
"not guilty."

"Well, I ain't guilty then, if you say
so," responded the prisoner; "but I did
it all that." And sinking his voice he
muttered, "what queer cattle I've got
among!"

The district attorney opened the case
for the people, with his accustomed per-
suasiveness, as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury—It is painful
to my feelings as a man, but my duty as
district attorney, to charge the prisoner
at the bar with a crime, at the bare men-
tion of which, the very oyster-shells in
the street rise up indignantly to scrape
the criminal to death. Yes, gentlemen
of the jury, I shall make it appear to you
that the accused is guilty of the horri-
ble enormity of murdering his wife, for
that whereas, with force and arms, to
wit, with swords, spears, muskets, can-
non, staves, clubs, ropes, halters, hands
and feet, the prisoner at the bar laid vi-
olent hands upon his wife's tongue and
tore it out by the roots, in consequence
of which she bled to death."

Mr. Botherem interrupted the learned
gentleman, and moved to quash the in-
dictment, inasmuch as it charged the
prisoner with *manslaughter*, whereas it
appeared by the district attorney's own
showing, that the man was no man, but
a woman, and that the crime was *mur-
der*.

Mr. Quibblequirk replied, that as it
did not appear that the prisoner had in-
tended his wife to bleed to death, it was
clearly a case of manslaughter.

Per curiam—You are both wrong.—
The crime is neither murder nor man-
slaughter. It is mayhem. Let the trial
proceed.

The district attorney called John
Johnson to the stand in support of the
prosecution. Mr. Saucy-jaw objected to
the competency of the witness, he hav-
ing been convicted and sentenced to
state-prison for seven years a few weeks
ago, for larceny and forgery. Mr.
Quibblequirk replied, that the witness
had been pardoned one week ago; and
according to law, a pardon restores the
witness to the competency, and to the
respectability of his character.

The court pronounced the witness un-
questionably competent.

John Johnson being sworn, deposed
and said, he visited the prisoner, having
formerly been acquainted with his wife.
That, on repeating the visit next day,
he found the door of the prisoner's room
locked, and was on the point of retiring
when he was arrested—

Botherem—By what officer?

Witness—By terrible screams. I
burst open the door to see what was go-
ing on; and I discovered the prisoner
beating his wife with a red thong of re-
markable length, which the unfortunate
woman told me was her own tongue.

Alderman Murphy—Oh bother! that's
no go! how could she speak when her
tongue was torn out!

The witness looked rather foolish, and
scratched his head most industriously.

"To be sure," suggested Quibblequirk,
"she told him by signs."

"To be sure she did!" chimed in the
witness, "did I not tell you so?"

"So you did," replied Snappdragon.

"You may quit the stand," added Quib-
blequirk, who was rather dubious of his
witness.

"Not so fast!" exclaimed Botherem,
"Stop, Mr. Johnson, I have a word with
you."

"Very well, sir."

"Now remember you are on oath,
Mr. Johnson. What is your name?"

"John Johnson."

"What was your father's name?"

"Peter Johnson."

"Then you are not Johnson, but Pe-
ter's son. Gentlemen of the jury, this
is worth your attention. But I have not
done with you, Mr. Johnson. Now re-
member you are on oath. How old are
you?"

"Five and thirty."

"Pray when was your last birth-day?"

"Last December."

"And this is April. I beg your atten-
tion, gentlemen of the jury; the witness
has sworn he is only five and thirty, and
now he says he is four months older.—
What credit can you give to such con-
tradictory evidence?"

The district attorney then said he was
about to produce a very important wit-
ness, on account of whose absence the
trial had been repeatedly put off.

John Snooks was called to be examined.

"What do you know of the transaction
of which the prisoner is accused?"

"Don't know."

"Did you see what was going on?"

"Don't know."

"Had the prisoner any weapon in his
hand?"

"Don't know."

Cross examined—What is your
name?"

"Don't — John Snooks."

"Where were you at the time of the
alleged transaction?"

"Don't know."

"You may go."

Spitfire—The witness appears rather
suspicious in his answers.

Peacock—*Mea culpa!* I warned him
to be guarded in his answers. But now
gentlemen of the jury, I repeat your
particular attention. I am about to pro-
duce not only a witness but an actor in
the deed of horror, whom we have ad-
mitted as evidence for the people.

G. Washington Beverly being sworn
and examined, threw himself into a thea-
trical attitude, and swore he would never
betray his friend. (Great applause
among the audience.)

Peacock—Your duties to the commu-
nity are paramount to the claims of
friendship for a criminal. (Groans and
hisses.) The witness swore he would
stand by his friend to the last. (Enthu-
siastic cheering.) But after the district
attorney had thrice repeated his inter-
rogatory, witness on a sudden changed
his mind. Witness testified he was on
a visit to the prisoner at the time of the
transaction. Witness and prisoner were
deep at whist with double dummy, when
they were disturbed by prisoner's wife,
who went on scold, scold, chatter,
chatter, chatter, till neither prisoner nor
witness could stand it any longer. Wit-
ness seized her and dragged her towards
the window to throw her out; but the
prisoner interposed, and requested wit-
ness to hold her while he tore out her
tongue, which he did. Witness under-
went a cross examination, but nothing
new was elucidated.

The counsel for the prosecution then
called twenty-eight witnesses in suc-
cession, who all concurred in testifying,
that attracted by the cries of a woman,
they looked up at the window in prisoner's
house, and saw a woman at the window
struggling with Beverly, while the
prisoner tore her tongue out.

Counselor Botherem exerted himself
with that laudable zeal and admirable
ingenuity for which he is distinguished,
to shake the testimony of the witnesses,
or to impeach their veracity, but without
effect. "I told you so," said the prison-
er, "what's the use of your gammon? If
so many had not been looking on I would
have seen you hanged before I'd have
owned it; but it's no use to deny it."

"Silence!"

The counsel for the prosecution having
rested the case, the mighty Clap-trap
rose, and with him rose the audience,
tip-toe with expectation.

"Silence!"

The illustrious Clap-trap gracefully
waved his thanks; then turning to the
jury, he addressed them in a strain of
eloquence which has never been equal-
led, and seldom surpassed.

Gentlemen of the jury—After the
brilliant and overwhelming display of
eloquence with which my learned brother
Peacock has astounded your admir-
ing ears, it must appear in me the height
of presumption to attempt a reply; but,
gentlemen, when I look at the jury box,
and behold it occupied by the twelve
best and wisest of men, in the best and
wisest of cities, in the best and wisest of
nations (here the prisoner began to
whistle. "My eye and Betty Martin," and
being peremptorily silenced, buried his
face in his handkerchief.) I say, when I
consider myself in the presence of the
most enlightened of juries, I will not do
you the injustice to suppose you can be
misled by the false glare of meritorious
eloquence. No, gentlemen of the jury,
I shall only appeal to the broad prin-
ciples of justice and common sense, on
which I base my argument.

Gentlemen, to bring in the prisoner
guilty, it is necessary for you to be sat-
isfied, that the prisoner has committed
a crime; but is it a crime to tear out a
scolding woman's tongue? As many of
you as are married will answer in the
negative. On the contrary, it may be con-
sidered doing her a favor, as removing
the defect which impairs all her charms.
Sir Walter Scott has given us in half a
dozen lines a more complete idea of wo-
man than others can give in a dozen vol-
umes:

"Oh woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

But who, let me ask, can consider a
scolding wife at his sick bed a ministering
angel? It is only by losing her tongue
she can become one. The learned Thom-
as a Quinns assures us that the femi-
nine angels in heaven have no tongues.
But can you believe any husband capa-
ble of such an atrocious act? No, it is
impossible! I have heard the evidence
of the infamous Johnson, and I venture to
say, that, from his character, and the op-
portunities and temptations in his way

the most likely person to have committed
this detestable crime is John Johnson
himself. (Tremendous applause.) But,
supposing Johnson's account to be wor-
thy of any credit, how comes it that his
knocking at the door did not alarm the
prisoner? Did you ever hear of Shake-
speare, that great master of human na-
ture? When Macbeth has committed the
murder, it is the knocking at the gate
turns him as white as a snow-ball; it is
the knocking at the gate sets his teeth
chattering like a dentist's engine; it is
the knocking at the gate makes him take
to his heels; but Johnson says he knock-
ed at the door and the prisoner did not
run. I might dwell on the defects of the
indictment, which is for manslaughter.
Gentlemen, the crime may be murder,
or mayhem, as suggested by the learned
judge, or as I should say woman slaugh-
ter; but manslaughter it cannot be. But,
my client disdains to owe his acquittal
to a flaw in the indictment; he throws
himself upon his innocence, which we shall
make apparent and clear as the noonday
sun. I may be twitted with the previ-
ous confession; but confessions are to be
received with great caution. The prison-
er may have been frightened out of his
wits, and said he knew not what, or
he may have been under a mistaken im-
pression as to the accusation. Gentle-
men of the jury, confiding in your noto-
rious wisdom and integrity, I have no
fear for the fate of this innocent boy. I
leave it to my learned brother Saucy-jaw
to produce the evidence."

The learned counsel sat down amid
thunders of applause.

Dr. Zenophon Twigg was called for
the defence, and testified that he had
been called upon to examine the deceas-
ed, and was decidedly of opinion that
her death was occasioned by the rupture
of a blood-vessel; as to the tongue, it
might have been washed out by the
blood.

It appeared, on cross examination, that
the doctor's diploma was of his own mak-
ing; that he could neither read nor
write, and hired a penny-a-liner to write
his puffs and certificates of unheard of
cures; and that his practice was con-
fined to making up and vending quack
medicines.

And now the counsel for the defence,
who had reserved the strongest blow for
the last, produced Mr. Joseph Wilson,
who being duly sworn, did depose and
say, that on the day laid in the indict-
ment, and for several days preceding and
following, the prisoner had, in company
with the witness, been engaged in shoot-
ing at Hallett's Cove, and consequently
could not have been in the city at that
time.

"There now!" exclaimed Saucy-jaw,
having triumphantly proved our alibi, we
submit the case to an enlightened jury."

The judge charged the jury to the fol-
lowing effect.

"The jury are judges both of the law
and fact. The judge has nothing to do
but to tell them what the law and the fact
is; as it is rather late, and we are all of
us somewhat sleepy, I will not recapitu-
late the evidence. So much for the fact.
As to the law, it is clear if you can't
help finding the prisoner guilty, you are
obliged to do it. But if there is the least
shadow of possibility of his innocence,
the prisoner is to have the benefit of it.
It is an awful responsibility to sentence
a young man in the flower of his age to
an unnamable prison; and some regard
ought to be paid to the feelings and rep-
utation of his highly respectable friends.
If we are to believe the witnesses for
the prosecution, the tongue of the un-
fortunate woman was seen in the prison-
er's hand; but he is not bound to ac-
count how it came there; that is for the
prosecution to explain. On the other
hand, by the evidence of a respectable
witness, an alibi is satisfactorily proved.
The jury, however, are the proper judges,
both as to the law and the fact."

After this luminous and important
charge from his honor, the jury retired;
and after dozing an hour or two in the
jury-room, returned into court with a
verdict of not guilty, which was received
by the audience with tremendous
shouts. The interesting Mortimer was
carried home on the shoulders of the ex-
ulting populace. The managers of a
theatre, on the brink of ruin, made a
splendid fortune by announcing for six
successive nights, "on this occasion only
the celebrated F. Adolphus Mortimer
will honor the theatre with his presence."
And to complete the triumphant vindi-
cation of this unfortunate young gentle-
man, he brought an action for assault and
battery, and false imprisonment, against
the police officers who had arrested him,
and recovered heavy damages.

SANDWICH ISLES.—The newspapers
at the Sandwich Islands, in the language
of the natives, now circulates upwards
of three thousand copies. An edition of
the hymn book, of 50,000 copies, is about
to be commenced, for the use of the na-
tives. It is only about seventeen years
since the written alphabet of this lan-
guage was first formed.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Our readers will probably recollect
that some weeks since, we gave an ac-
count of an extraordinary case in Cal-
lowhill street, in this city, of a living
snake existing in the stomach of a man.
When about 15 years of age, he stopped
to drink at a spring in the field, and while
drinking, felt a sensation resembling that
produced by a solid substance gliding
down his throat. It caused no pain or
uneasiness at the time, and he supposed
it to be a piece of grass or some other
harmless substance. About six weeks
afterwards, he felt a singular sensation in
the stomach, resembling the movements
of a living animal, and sometimes attend-
ed with unpleasant irritation or titillation,
especially just before meals, and when
he had been a long time without food.
Immediately, and for several hours after
a full meal, all unpleasant sensation sub-
sided. These symptoms continued to
increase till the thirty-fifth year of the
patient, which he has recently complet-
ed; he suffering almost constant uneasi-
ness, and sometimes excruciating pain.
His appetite was very irregular, being
sometimes so small that he would not
consume more than an ounce of solid
food daily for a week; and at other times
it was so voracious, that he would eat
five pounds of beef daily for a month.—
One remarkable symptom was, that dur-
ing these periods of abstinence, he gained
flesh at the rate of ten pounds
weekly, and during the periods of voraci-
city, he lost it in a still greater degree,
and was sometimes exceedingly emacia-
ted. While gaining flesh under this loss
of appetite, his pulse was irregular, the
digestive organs much deranged, his
sleep disturbed, and sometimes entirely
suspended for forty-eight hours. He
suffered severely from pain in the occipital
regions of the head, in the shoulder
blades, the thumb of the left hand, and
the great toe of the right foot. His com-
plexion was of cadaverous paleness, and
he was subject nightly, to profuse colli-
quative sweats. But while losing flesh
under a voracious appetite, all the func-
tions were performed with regularity;
his pulse was regular, his sleep sound,
and his complexion was of a healthy hue,
inclining to be florid. In the meantime
the abdomen increased greatly in size,
and a motion like that of a cat in a bag,
was apparent to the hand when laid up-
on the region of the stomach. But he
was at all times subject to fainting fits of
a peculiar kind. Sometimes he dropped
down suddenly, without sense or motion.
At other times he nearly fell, but recov-
ered immediately, though always with
prostration of strength for some hours
afterwards. The sensation, as he de-
scribed it, was that of a violent blow with-
in the stomach, and very much like that
produced by an electric shock, excepting
being more local.

Such extraordinary symptoms denot-
ed some extraordinary cause of distur-
bance. He had been for ten years un-
der the care of his family physician, and
had been subjected to various modes of
treatment without any abatement of those
symptoms. He had taken the most ac-
tive emetics, and the most drastic ca-
thartics, without any good effect. When
arterial action was high, he was bled co-
piously, sometimes losing sixteen ounces
daily for three days successively. When
it was low, the most powerful stimulants
were administered, opium, ether, brandy,
bark, being sometimes exhibited, each in
sufficient quantities to kill a man of or-
dinary health and strength. All the
while he insisted that some living animal
was in his stomach, and related the in-
cident at the spring, and his subsequent
sensations. His physician was incredu-
lous, saying that he had read of such
things, but did not consider any case
well authenticated, or believe that any
animal could resist the solvent power
of the gastric fluid in the human stomach.
The patient, finding every unpleasant
symptom increasing, resolved to seek ad-
ditional aid, and a consultation was or-
dered. Five of our most eminent phy-
sicians attended, and after a minute ex-
amination, came to the conclusion that
the conjecture of the patient was proba-
ble; for, though neither of them had ever
witnessed a case of a living animal in the
human stomach, yet several cases were
recorded which they considered authen-
tic. They also said that comparative
anatomy furnished analogies; for living
frogs, toads, and fishes, had been found
in the stomachs of snakes, many hours
after they had been swallowed, and that
this proved the power of the vital prin-
ciple in resisting, to some extent, the
gastric power of solvent fluids.

Having assumed this hypothesis as
probable, they next proceeded to act
upon it. They rejected all medicines,
very properly concluding that if the vital
principle could resist the solvent power
of the stomach, it would resist the action
of any substances which the stomach
was able to bear; and concluded also,
that as powerful medicines had already
failed, it was not philosophical to repeat
them.

They ordered entire abstinence from
all food, and accordingly the patient took
none for five days. During this period
the pain in the stomach was excruciating,
and the motion violent, resembling that
of a spiral revolution of a rope upon a
cylinder. The pain becoming too in-
tense to bear, for the patient was in a
raving delirium, the physician suggested